



FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA

America is a great country. America's cities are full of houses. America's forests are full of trees. America's rivers are full of water. But it is not houses and trees and water that make America great; it is curiosity—the constant quest to find answers—the endless, restless “Why?” “Why?” “Why?”

Therefore, when I was told that Marlboro was a top seller at colleges from USC to Yale, I was not content merely to accept this gratifying fact. I had to find out why.

I lied myself to campuses in every sector of this mighty land. First, I went to the Ivy League—dressed, of course, in an appropriate costume: a skull-and-bones in one hand, a triangle in the other, a mask-and-wig on my head, a hasty pudding in my chops. “Sir,” I cried, waving an Ivy Leaguer by the lapels, which is no mean task considering the narrowness of Ivy League lapels, but, I, fortunately, happen to have little tiny hands; in fact, I spent the last war working in a small arms plant where, I am proud to say, I was awarded a Navy “E” for excellence and won many friends—“Sir,” I cried, waving an Ivy Leaguer by the lapels, “how come Marlboro is your favorite filter cigarette?”

“I’m glad you asked that question, Shorty,” he replied. “Marlboro is my favorite filter cigarette because it is the filter cigarette with the indifferent taste.”

“Oh, thank you, sir!” I cried and ran posthaste to several campuses in the Big Ten, wearing, of course, the appropriate costume: a plaid Mackinaw, birling boots, a Kodiak bear and frost-bitten ears.

Spring an apple-cheeked young roed, I tugged my forelock and said: “Excuse me, miss, but how come Marlboro is your

favorite filter cigarette?”

“I’m glad you asked that question, Shorty,” she replied. “Marlboro is my favorite filter cigarette because the flavor is flavorful, the flip-top box flips and the soft-puck is soft.”

“Oh, thank you, apple-cheeked young roed,” I cried and lobbed a curtsy and sped so fast as my little fat legs would carry me to several campuses in the Southwest, wearing, of course, the appropriate costume: chaps, canteen, and several oil lamps. Spring a group of undergraduates singing “Strawberry Roman,” I removed my hat and said, “Excuse me, friends, but why is Marlboro your favorite filter cigarette?”

“We are glad you asked that question, Shorty,” they replied. “Marlboro is our favorite filter cigarette because we, native



sons and daughters of the wide open spaces, want a cigarette that is frank and forthright and honest. We want, in short, Marlboro.”

“Oh, thank you, all,” I cried and, donning a mau mau, I set sail for Hawaii, because in Hawaii as in every state where Old Glory flies, Marlboro is the leading seller in flip-top box. On campus, off campus, in all fifty states, wherever people smoke for pleasure in this great land of ours, you will find Marlboro.

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And you will also find another winner from the makers of Marlboro—the king-size, unfiltered Philip Morris Commander, made by a new process to bring you new mildness. Back a Commander. Welcome aboard.

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